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If you love me, let me sleep.

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Sex Love | September 26, 2016 | By Carrie Borzillo

An All-Nude Vacation With My Boyfriend Taught Me A Crazy Amount About Having Great Sex

We learned new sex tricks, but that was just the start.



My new boyfriend—let's call him John—and I were walking hand-in-hand from our hotel room at Hedonism II, the infamous clothing-optional, adults-only resort in Negril, Jamaica, to our first Tantric sex class. I whispered to him, "So, listen. It's gonna be like a yoga class, but with no yoga and we might be doing sex sh*t in front of others. Cool?"

"Wait...what?" he said, horror crossing over his face, but clearly trying to remain cool, calm, and collected as we smiled at the other hotel guests passing by.

"Don't worry. Everyone's focused on their own partner. No one will be looking at you," I tried to assure him.

"This is really happening?" he asked.

"Yep."

It was a brave move to bring my boyfriend of just three and a half months on a trip to Hedo, as those in the know call it.

For one, I'm not that comfortable walking around naked. From the bed to the bathroom is fine. But it's not like I make a habit of just hanging out and cooking breakfast without a stitch of clothing.

The thing is, we were booked on the Nude side of the resort, where you have to go naked, as opposed to the Prude side, which is clothing optional. Hedo is known for its swingers' parties, so we basically thought it would be one big orgy (which frankly kind of frightened me).

Even though Hedonism II wasn't exactly what we anticipated, we learned a lot. Here, a few of the biggest lessons we took home.



There's no need to be naked and afraid.

As we stood nude on our suite deck about to step out into the world of Hedo for the first time, I turned to John and said, "Oh my God. My **vagina** is out. I can't do this." He handed me the bottle of champagne. I chugged. Then he took my hand and escorted me to the poolside bar on the Nude side. We giggled a bit with excitement, and the sense that we were in it together instantly made me feel closer to him.

The guests at the beach, pool, and bar areas represented every shape, size, and age. People with completely normal bodies seemed to feel more comfortable in their skin than I did, which made me loosen up a bit and not worry about that little **scar** on my left hip that I obsess over.

Before I knew it, I was running down the beach naked, letting a stranger draw on my bare breasts with body paint. Exhilarated, I actually mounted John on a beach chair in the daylight for a little afternoon delight as another guest snuck a stare. We seemed to be the only couple having sex in public, with the exception of a few **blow jobs** by the pool. One big poolside orgy it was not.

It turns out growling like a tiger can enhance your orgasm.

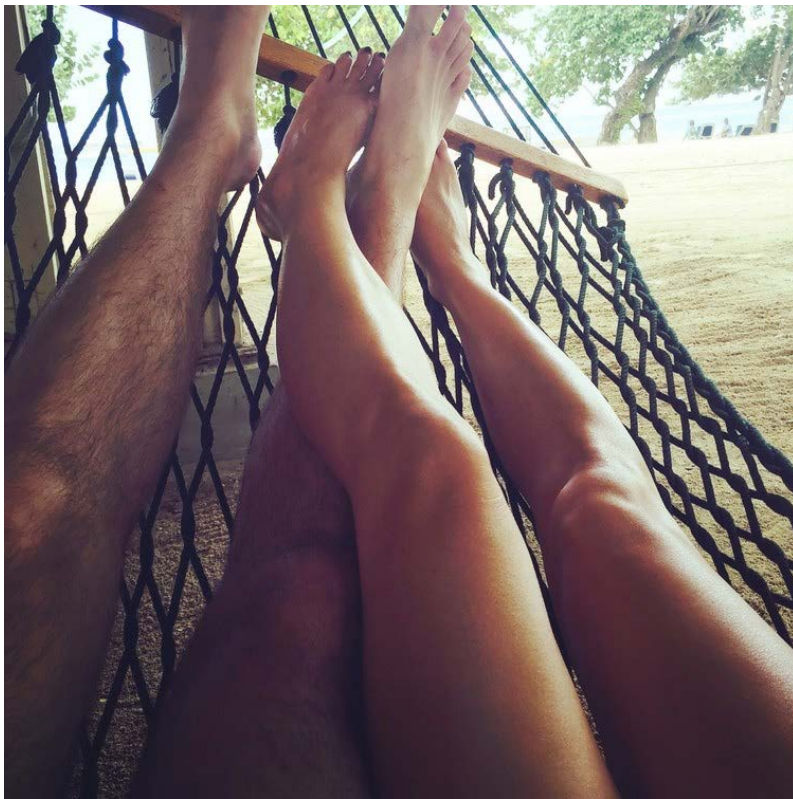
The main takeaway from our first Tantric couples' workshop was that some sex moves can help me **experience a better orgasm**—and help my partner last longer—without changing positions or involving fancy toys. This we learned from Kim and Brad Walker of Houston-based Tantric Hearts, who have been teaching at Hedonism II for 17 years.

Much like with yoga, a huge part of Tantra is connecting your breath with your movement. When we were having sex after the class, I instructed John to do the "breath of fire" we learned in class, aka breathe quickly through his nose from his navel. Doing so immediately slowed his orgasmic roll, allowing him to flip me over on top of him.

As we were about to orgasm, I literally looked at my notes from class to remember the next breathing technique. "Growl. Tiger. Loud. Mouth," my notes said. Bad note-taking aside, it was the push we needed to make an intense growling tiger sound out of our mouths as we started to orgasm. The point is to tap into the primal, animalistic nature of sex.

It felt silly, but the sound of the growl vibrated through my torso, giving me this delicious, humming buzz, as if the orgasmic energy were spreading through my body via the vibrations. It made my orgasm feel stronger, bigger, and longer.

Earlier in class, Brad said that if we did this correctly, "the neighbors should be jealous." Maybe even "a little scared," Kim added. Mission accomplished! As we exited our room an hour later, we got a little nod and a wink from a couple passing by.



Taking the time to explore helped us discover secret erogenous zones.

The "Drive Your Partner Wild With Desire" class focused on the Tantra principle of using all five senses (i.e., sight, touch, smell, taste, and sound) to awaken your sexuality and increase your pleasure. "These are the five keys to bigger and better orgasms," Kim told the class.

Our instructors provided us with a silk tie that John would blindfold me with (for sight deprivation, which really does help to heighten your other four senses), a shot of rum along with a tray with cheese, fruit, and chocolate (for taste), and a peacock feather and another silk tie (for touch). We didn't need anything tangible for the smell and sound portions.

As I lay blindfolded on my yoga mat with my trusty boyfriend kneeling over me (trying to ignore the fact that there were about 20 other couples in the room just inches from either side of me), a chill of anticipation rushed through my body, like the nerves you feel before you have sex with your partner for the first time.

First came the feather, which John traced slowly and gently alongside my half-naked body. It felt good, but it was nothing new. But then he slowly dripped juice from a piece of cantaloupe on to the middle part of my lips. The cold, gentle drops made not just my lips, but my whole body tingle. I couldn't imagine that there was a part of my body I didn't know could bring me pleasure, but here I was feeling a physical awakening from a few drops of cold liquid on my lips.

John traced the outline of my lips with a piece of the fruit, heightening the sensation and getting me extremely turned on. He leaned down and, with his mouth full of rum, dripped the liquid into my mouth from his like a mama bird feeding her baby.

It wasn't cliché at all. In fact, it was pretty damn hot. Until the "sound" portion of the exercise.

For this part, John was supposed to breathe audibly on my neck or say sexy things in my ear. Still straddling me while I lay on my back, he started with heavy, loud breathing on my neck, which sent shivers down my spine. As he slowly moved his way up to whisper those sweet nothings, my darling boyfriend accidentally let out a loud, rum-filled burp right in my ear.

Unexpected lesson from this class: **Kegel exercises** really work, because even though I laughed so hard I thought I might pee, I was able to stop what could've been a tidal wave of urine from hitting the couple's mat next to us. But in all seriousness, it's nice to know something like a little burp during what should've been a sexy moment didn't ruin our good time.



Even when you're exploring, you've got to respect each other's limits—and your own.

I've always prided myself on my hand-job skills, but Kim and Brad taught me a few new tricks. Sixteen of them, in fact. At the "Snake Charming" class, we learned penis-massage techniques I never even knew existed.

Like any good student, I was prepared for class with a towel and an intimate cleansing cloth. Little did we know that we'd need one more Snake Charming accoutrement: a rubber glove that left us mystified until we realized it was for a **prostate massage** where you insert a finger or two into your partner's anus and gently circle it around to massage his prostate from the inside. The dread on John's face spoke volumes, and we skipped that part of the instruction.

Our cue to leave was when the cacophony of orgasmic sounds filled the room. I tried to be mature, but it's hard not to laugh when you hear a group of people loudly climaxing over the slapping sounds of skin on skin. Without saying a word to each other, we quickly ducked out of the class. We were adventuresome lovers now, but there's a limit. We walked across the sprawling tropical environs...and I finished John off in in the privacy of our own room.

